

# Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



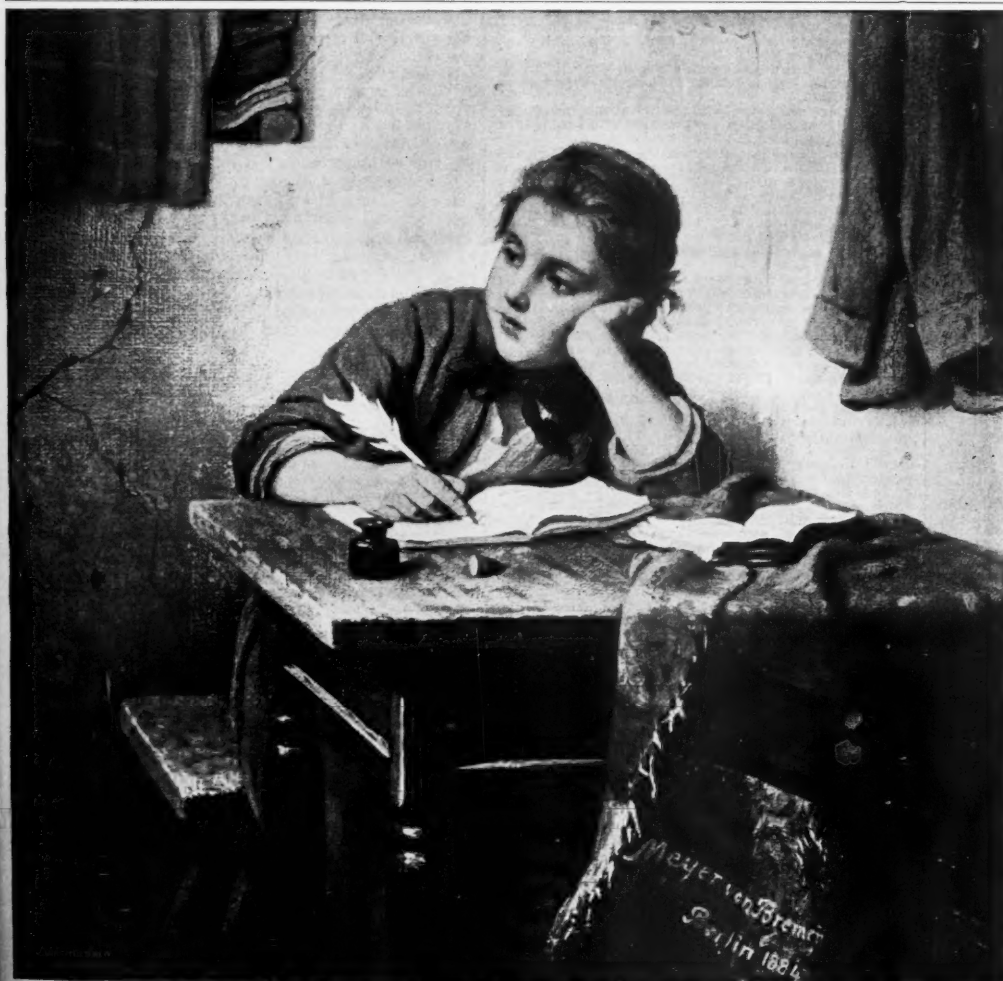
CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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No. 10.



THE STUDENT.

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## THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

The following is from a speech of Captain Crawford:—

"On all God's green and beautiful earth there are no purer, nobler, more kind-hearted or self-sacrificing women than those who wear the sombre garb of Catholic sisters. During the war I had many opportunities for observing their noble and heroic work, not only in camp and hospital, but on the field of battle, right in the front, where bullets hissed and shot and shell flew, and dead and mangled forms lay.

"I have seen them moving over the field, their faces wet with tears, administering to the wants of the wounded and whispering words of comfort into the ears of the dying; now kneeling to moisten with water the bloodless lips on which the death angel had left his pale imprint; now breathing words of hope of immortality beyond the grave into the ear of some mangled soldier; now holding the crucifix to receive the last kiss from somebody's boy from whose breast the life-blood was flowing.

"I am a Protestant, but I shall never forget, or cease to cherish with profound reverence, the memory of those noble, holy women."

## OUR GOOD FRIENDS.

Our good friends, who at times almost overwhelm us with kind communications for "Our Dumb Animals," must remember (1) that our paper is very small — only twelve copies a year — and we cannot use one article in fifty that comes to us; (2) that in making selections we must consider that it goes monthly to men and women of every variety of religious and political belief, in our own and many other countries — men and women of all sorts of social and literary position, and readers of all ages. In our own State it goes to all judges, lawyers, clergy — Protestant and Roman Catholic; physicians, school superintendents, postmasters; large numbers of teachers,

police, teamsters, drivers, our about 500 country agents, and all editors; and, outside the State, every month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines, including those of highest literary standing and widest influence.

There is no paper in this country, or the world, which occupies just such a field, and to attain its highest usefulness its editor must use constant study, care, forethought, and caution, compelling the omission of many friendly communications which he would be glad to see published.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

### ONE MORNING'S MAIL.

February 22d being a holiday, we personally read and examined our morning's mail, which consisted of one hundred and eight letters, eighty-five of which were addressed to us personally, from places as remote as Jacksonville, Florida, Mandan, North Dakota, San Jose, Cal., and Adelaide, South Australia. Also ninety-one newspapers and magazines, some of them large monthlies; also four bound volumes, sent by publishers.

### FATHER ANDRE.

Father Andre, a distinguished French priest, once, while preaching against the too free indulgence in flirtation among the lady members of his congregation, threatened to divulge the name of one present as being the most culpable in this respect; but feigning to pity her dread of exposure by this means, gave out that in charity he would only throw his skull-cap in the direction of the seat occupied by the lady for whom his special remarks were meant.

As soon as the preacher raised his cap as though to throw it, every woman in the church is said to have ducked her head.

### BOOKS THAT MAKE YOU LAUGH.

In response to our request in February for the names of cheerful and amusing books, the following are among those sent us: "*Home Life on an Ostrich Farm*," published by Appletons, New York; "*Said in Fun*," by Philip Welch; "*Cranford*," by Mrs. Gaskell, author of the life of "Charlotte Bronte"; "*Coupon Bonds*," by J. T. Frowridge; Tom Hood's Humorous Poems; "*Buddie Grange*," Frank B. Stockton; "*Brother Jonathan*," Max O'Rell; "*Patsy*," by Kate D. Wiggin; "*Other People's Children*," by the author of "*Helen's Babies*."

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

### FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

NEW BEDFORD, Jan. 29, 1892.

A touching incident happened here a few days since.

On the coldest night of the year, when the thermometer went down to five degrees below zero, accompanied with a howling blizzard, the violent and persistent barking of a dog next door aroused one of the neighbors, who hastily dressed himself and went out to investigate. There he found the body of an old man lying frozen stiff on the ground, with his faithful dog keeping watch beside him and giving every manifestation of joy at the approach of help.

The old man, whose family were all temporarily absent, had fallen off the stoop and fractured his skull, and there he lay in the dark night, attended only by his affectionate dog,—"faithful unto death."

How can any one have the heart to advocate the destruction of these friends of the human race?

E. RODMAN.

### CATTLE ON THE PLAINS.

Thousands of cattle are slowly starving to death in southern Idaho. The loss to stock raisers will be tremendous. Every blade of grass upon the ranches is under from twenty-two to sixty inches of snow. A well-known stock man says every domestic animal left out is sure to die from cold and hunger.—*Massachusetts Ploughman*, Jan. 29, 1892.

Whose fault is it?

We answer, the "*Cattle King*" or the "*Eastern Capitalist*" who provides no stable or food for his starving, freezing cattle.

What is the remedy?

"Bands of Mercy" and humane education in all the public schools of our country, which shall make such men and practices infamous.

### SULPHUR AND "GRIPPE."

Our readers have read, and lots of American newspapers have republished, what we said in February in regard to the wearing of sulphur in the stockings as a preventive of "Grippe." Since then we have learned that in Byam's Boston Match Factory, where forty-three persons are employed working in a sulphur atmosphere, not one has been attacked by the "Grippe." Dr. Bowditch, Dean of the Harvard University Medical School, is, at our request, causing experiments to be made in regard to the effect of sulphur on germs.

### SWEDES DON'T SWEAR.

Councilman George F. Swain, of Passaic, N. J., who recently returned from a visit abroad, makes the following statement: "I spent some time in Sweden, and noticed many peculiarities among the people. I never heard a Swede swear, use harsh or profane language, abuse a beast of burden, or show a spark of cruelty in any form."

### FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

Mr. J. Crawford, State Secretary of the "Farmers' Alliance of Ohio," writes us proposing to put a copy of "*Black Beauty*" in every farm home in Ohio. He adds: "One man wrote me, 'I read it and went to the barn and put my arms about the neck of my horse and vowed I would treat him as a friend.' Another, 'I have been currying and petting my horses ever since I read it.' A mother says, 'I read two chapters to my boys one evening and they so persistently clamored for more that I had hard work to get them to bed.'"

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

### KITTY'S RACE.

A feeling of gloom hung over the stable. Old John Pratt was silent and moody; Bill, the hostler, looked sad; and the face of Jim, the colored boy, seemed blacker than ever.

It was in the midst of our races,—one of those events which call together thousands of people to witness them.

This unnatural gloom and silence at this particular part of the stables,—a part usually the liveliest of all,—seemed strange.

Something unusual must have happened! Perhaps Jack had lost an important race; but that could not produce such an effect,—for during his long career as a driver he had lost many.

One stall, bearing the name of *Kitty* on its door, was closed and locked. This was unusual, for *Kitty* was the favorite and pet of the stables. The men cast occasional sorrowful glances at the closed door and turned away sadly.

John Pratt had from boyhood been among horses; had at an early age learned to drive them; and when he grew to manhood he made it his business to train them and drive them in races,—some for himself, but mostly for others. John had a great heart, and was kind to his horses and was a very successful driver. He had grown gray in his calling.

He sat in the twilight, with his chair tipped back against the stable, thinking,—thinking of the events of the day that had passed.

Kitty had been entered in one of the races. John had felt confident that she would win it, for he knew every one of her competitors, and was sure she would be able to out-trout them all. She was harnessed to her light racing sulky fifteen minutes before the time for the starting of the race, and John proudly gave her "a spin around the ring," as he called it. Kitty was his favorite horse. He owned her himself. As she sped down the homestretch, front of the grand stand, a murmur of admiration ran through the crowd, making sweet music to John.

The other horses were soon out, and the tiresome attempts to get a fair start began.

After trying seven times an accident happened to the harness of one of the horses, and a delay of several minutes ensued, during which the horses were blanketed and led about by their hostlers.

Then the broken harness was repaired, and they were ready once more. John mounted his sulky, patted Kitty gently on the flank, and drove toward the starting point. As he patted Kitty she turned her head around toward him, as if in acknowledgment of his kindness, but in her eyes John noticed a peculiar beseeching look, which haunted him for some minutes but in the excitement of the race was soon forgotten.

They were "given the word" on the next trial, and away they went in a bunch. Kitty was well back in the start, but John did not mind this,—he knew she could "outfoot" them all. Gradually she drew up on the leader, then she was at his wheel. Along they went at a terrific rate around the last turn into the homestretch. John felt that he had the race, and was preparing to let Kitty out, when, to his surprise, she slackened her pace and threw her head into the air; this was not like Kitty, for she had been in many races and knew as much about racing as John himself.

The leader drew away from her; the third horse passed her; then the fourth, and poor Kitty went slowly under the wire last of all. Cries of fraud arose from the spectators, who thought John was holding her back. When she slackened her speed John "let her have her head," knowing that some-

thing was wrong. With an effort she passed the judges' stand and slowly beyond; but when John turned her preparatory to returning to the judges' stand, Kitty fell to the ground.

She never moved after she fell. John, jumping from the sulky, ran to her head, and saw in her almost human eyes the same mournfully beseeching look he had noticed before the race. In a few minutes she was dead,—of heart disease, they said.

At first John could not believe that Kitty was dead, but when he realized the fact tears came into his eyes and he turned away to hide them. The crowd dispersed, and the body of poor, honest, gentle Kitty was carried to the stable and deposited in her stall and the door was locked.

This was the incident that occupied Jack's thoughts as he sat there in the twilight. Kitty was dead! She would never race again!

Wearied by the excitement of the day, John nodded—his head sank upon his breast. He fell asleep, and this is what he dreamed:—

It seemed to him that he was sitting in Kitty's stall and that Kitty put her nose so close to his cheek that he could feel her warm breath, and said: "Don't you know me, Jack? I am better off than I was before, for I can talk to you now. You have always been kind to me, Jack, and I want to thank you. We were great friends, weren't we, Jack? My mother told me how good and kind you were to her. I have always served you faithfully, Jack. I never refused to do anything you asked, Jack. I always did the best I could, Jack." And then she rubbed her nose gently up and down his cheek. "I was sick when the boys were hitching me up to-day, but I couldn't tell you. It wasn't your fault, Jack, I know that. Be as good and kind to all my old friends and companions as you have been to me, won't you, Jack? If they could only talk as I can now, they could tell you how they feel. But they must race whether they feel well or not. Good-by, Jack, good-by."

The next morning John was at the stable early, with a calm, serious face, and gave directions for the disposal of Kitty's body. After it had been buried, he called Bill and the colored boy Jim and said,—

"Boys, I've drove my last race. I've drove my last race."

John spoke truly, for never after that would money tempt him to take part in another horse race.

Leominster, Mass.

WM. B. WHITE.

### THE RACE TRACK.

Acquiring the habit of betting, they are soon driven, in order to get the means, to steal from parents or employers. The state prisons of New York and New Jersey are full of young men whose first downward step was taken through the gate of the race track.

The feeder of the race track is the pool room. This device enables anybody and everybody to bet without visiting the track—makes the track an omnipresent curse.

The amounts taken in are enormous; the sums paid out in prizes comparatively small. The difference represents the profits of the pool room. These "sports" who own and run the races are scientific scoundrels, whose religion is gain.

REV. C. MARTYN, Newark, N. J.

### KODAK! KODAK!

Through the immense circulation of "*Black Beauty*" and other humane publications in Boston schools and homes it has come about that comparatively very few cruelly checked horses are now seen on our streets. Vice-President Hill, the other day, inspected three hundred horses on Washington Street as they passed him, and found only two cruelly checked. But there are still some persons in Boston who have no sympathy for the dumb brutes that are so unfortunate as to be owned by them, and continue to subject them to this cruel torture. Now, will our good friends who own and use Kodaks kindly send us pictures of any such horses they may see, and, if possible, the names of owners and drivers. As soon as we can get hold of some strong cases we propose to test the power of our law in our courts, and have full reports in our newspapers of the cases and names of the guilty parties.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

### BLANKET YOUR HORSES.

As every reader is aware, a pair of fine horses is sometimes standing unblanketed before one of our large stores in this cold weather, their bodies steaming from the effects of fast driving, while comfortably seated on the box of the carriage are butler and driver smothered in furs.

To correct this, the Mass. S. P. C. A. has adopted a most ingenious and effective remedy.

It has provided a man with a sign, "*Please Blanket Your Horses*," and when a team is found unblanketed, the man simply takes position in close proximity to the equipage, a crowd soon collects, and the character of the remarks made by the assemblage are not calculated to make the practice popular; the horses are either blanketed or driven away to more congenial quarters, and the banner man quietly goes in pursuit of other offenders.—*Boston Commercial*, Jan. 30, 1892.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.  
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.  
Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,  
Secretary.

Over eleven thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over seven hundred thousand members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or *authorized to be signed*—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

## A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



Pure Silver Band of Mercy Badge,

Costing at our Offices, or sent post-paid, Thirty Cents.



SHEP LINDSAY.

I cannot speak for myself up at the State House; please speak for me.

The devil will have to fight hard to beat the man who is doing his best for God.

As counsel for what the great naturalist Cuvier calls "*the most useful conquest ever made by man*," we have had already two hearings at our State House, viz., one to oppose the enactment of a law requiring all the dogs in Massachusetts to wear muzzles, and the other to oppose a law requiring an annual tax on male dogs of \$5, and on female, \$10. How many times more we shall be called upon to go to the State House this year before the Legislature adjourns it is at present impossible to conjecture.

## UNFINISHED MUSIC.

BY MINNIE E. KINNEY.

I sat alone at the organ,  
At the close of a troubled day,  
When the sunset's crimson embers  
On the western altar lay.  
I was weary with vain endeavor,  
My heart was ill at ease,  
And I sought to soothe my sadness  
With the voice of the sweet-toned keys.  
My hands were weak and trembling,  
My fingers all unskilled  
To render the grand old anthem  
With which my soul was filled.  
Through the long day's cares and worries,  
I had dreamed of that glorious strain,  
And I longed to hear the organ  
Repeat it to me again.  
It fell from my untaught fingers  
Discordant and incomplete,  
I knew not how to express it,  
Or to make the discord sweet;  
So I toiled with patient labor  
Till the last bright gleams were gone,  
And the evening's purple shadows  
Were gathering one by one.  
Then a master stood beside me,  
And touched the noisy keys,  
And lo! the discord vanished  
And melted in perfect peace.  
I heard the great organ pealing  
My tune that I could not play,  
The strains of the glorious anthem  
That had filled my soul all day.  
Down through the dim cathedral  
The tide of music swept,  
And through the shadowy arches  
The lingering echoes crept;  
And I stood in the purple twilight  
And heard my tune again,  
Not my feeble, untaught rendering,  
But the master's perfect strain.  
So I think, perchance, the Master,  
At the close of life's weary day,  
Will take from our trembling fingers  
The tune that we cannot play;  
He will hear through the jarring discord  
The strain, although half expressed;  
He will blend it in perfect music,  
And add to it all the rest.

## ONE HUNDRED LUMBERMEN'S CAMPS.

We have been glad to receive this morning an application from Rev. W. A. Loyne, of Jefferson, N. H., who is engaged in missionary work among the *about five thousand men* employed in *about one hundred lumber camps* in Northern New Hampshire and Maine, and where large numbers of horses and oxen are used and subjected to severe treatment, to furnish humane literature to be distributed and read in all these camps, and we have been glad to send at once one hundred copies of "Black Beauty," one for each camp, and a large supply of back numbers of "Our Dumb Animals" and humane leaflets, and our Boston and Nashville addresses. We hope and believe that this distribution may greatly benefit both the men themselves in all these camps, and the horses and oxen.

## SAVED BY A DOG.

FAMILY OF NINE PERSONS NEARLY SUFFOCATED BY COAL GAS.

LOWELL, Feb. 22, 1892. —A whole family, nine persons, named La Roux, living on Forrest Street, Centralville, were saved from suffocation Sunday by a dog.

The family retired Saturday night, leaving a good fire in the coal stove, but the father forgot to open the draughts. Several hours later the dog ran about the house whining, and finally sprang on the bed and licked the faces of the sleepers.

Two sisters awoke, choking and gasping, and got to the floor and fell senseless. All were overcome except the mother, who got the window open, and then carried her younger children down stairs one by one. All are now out of danger, but, had it not been for the dog, the whole family would have been asphyxiated in another half-hour. — Boston Herald, Feb. 23, 1892.

## BRIDGET'S DILEMMA.

A newly arrived domestic was secured to do housework by an up-town family in Lewiston, Maine. In the course of her duties she was told to iron some clothes and hang them on the horse. A little later the maid appeared before her mistress with the clothes in her hands and a look of perplexity on her face.

"Why didn't you hang the clothes on the horse, Bridget?" inquired the latter.

"Sure an' I tried to, ma'am, but he kept movin', so he did, an' they wouldn't stay."

Sure enough, knowing no other horse in her native land, she had gone to the stable and endeavored to hang them on the restive Dobbin, with the result indicated. The above is a fact. — Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

## BABYLON, LONG ISLAND.

I spent the first week of October this year at Babylon, Long Island. One warm morning I was sitting on the piazza of the Watson House, my baby asleep in the carriage in front of me. There were several other persons sitting on the piazza, chatting. Suddenly there was the report of a gun close by, and a shower of shot fell through the branches of a tree directly in front of the piazza, and not three feet from where my baby lay. We all exclaimed, and two gentlemen started at once to find the sportsman. After a little search, a man was discovered prowling along a hedge, across a pasture on the other side of the road. Being hailed, and rated for his carelessness, he explained that he was shooting robins! There were houses on all sides of him, and children in most of the houses who run about the roads and fields. The man shooting said he was sorry, but the firing continued quite as near us all day, though no more shot chanced to fall our way. As our host very justly remarked, "the man who would shoot robins anyway deserves to be shot himself," to say nothing of the danger to human life.

325 West 56th St., New York.

ELIZA B. GUY.



## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, March, 1892.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies, of back numbers.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

## OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month two hundred and sixty-three new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of eleven thousand nine hundred and forty-seven.

## FOUR HUNDRED VOLUMES.

We have recently had 400 volumes of "Our Dumb Animals" of last year handsomely bound.

We do not wish to sell them for private libraries at any price, and we cannot send them to school or Sunday-school libraries, because it would require tens of thousands of volumes to supply the demand, but we are glad to give them away to important public libraries and reading rooms and the public reading rooms of the larger hotels, where they will be likely to be read by many, on receipt of eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay the postage.

## OUR BEAUTIFUL HUMANE CALENDARS, 1892.

The demand for these calendars has so far surpassed our expectations that we have had another thousand printed, and will send them to the first thousand persons who write asking, and enclosing six cents in postage stamps. We want them put up in public rooms or places where they will be seen.

We require the payment of six cents to cover postage, etc., and assure us that they will be properly used.

## CINCINNATI.

We were glad to receive the other day from Cincinnati's eminent physician, Dr. W. W. Dawson, a kind letter enclosing a remittance, and closing, "May God sustain you in your good work."

## OUR PRIZE OFFER OF ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE BEST EQUESTRIAN DRAMA OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

To all who are now writing for this prize we would say that we wish each play offered in competition to be sent with a fictitious name, word, or motto, and be accompanied by sealed envelope containing the real name and post-office address of the writer, which envelope is not to be opened until the decision has been made.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A NEW AND ATTRACTIVE EDITION OF BLACK BEAUTY.

Possibly no woman in the world has done more for the cause of humanity than Anna Sewall, in writing "Black Beauty."

We have just published a new edition, with her portrait and autograph, which we sell at the same prices as our "Old Gold."

Many who have read her work can now see her face.

The price at our offices is six cents a copy, and when sent by mail, ten. In large quantities of one hundred and upwards the prices will be as low as our "Old Gold" edition.

We now have a beautiful cloth-bound edition of "Black Beauty," 25 cents at our offices, or 30 cents when sent by mail.

## "BLACK BEAUTY" PRICES.

The prices of "Old Gold" editions are six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail; "Terra Cotta" and "Board" editions, on thicker paper, twelve cents at our offices, and twenty cents when sent by mail. A lower price can be made when 1000 or more copies are ordered at once. Express and freight charges on large orders are quite reasonable. Write

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

## OUR ITALIAN EDITION OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

We have just issued from the press our "Italian" edition of "Black Beauty," which we shall sell at the same price as our "Old Gold" English edition, namely, six cents per copy, or ten cents when sent by mail, which is less than one-half the cost to our "American Humane Education Society."

## VIVISECTION PETITIONS.

Our Vivisection petitions are now before our "Massachusetts Medical" and "Massachusetts Homœopathic Medical" societies, which will in due time report.

## CEYLON.

A gentleman connected with the Agricultural College at Ceylon writes that he has read in a Buddhist paper of our "American Humane Education Society," and asks to receive our publications, for which he will gladly pay.

## "BAND OF MERCY" SONGS.

Will friends please send us beautiful music and words for "Band of Mercy" songs.

## A DOG MUZZLE.

As our readers know, we have during the past twenty years had many battles at the State House in behalf of dogs, and perhaps the most formidable antagonist we have met there during recent years has been Mr. Julius A. Palmer, of this city. Notwithstanding our different views of the dog question, there has never been an unkind word between us, and it is certainly a pleasure to be presented by him to-day with a check for our Mass. S. P. C. A., and a dog muzzle which he has imported from Europe, and which seems to us, if a muzzle must ever be used, to be more humane than others.

Attached to the muzzle was this card:—"Brought from Bordeaux, France, 1891, and presented to Mr. George T. Angell by his sincere admirer, Julius A. Palmer."

If in any town of this Commonwealth muzzles are required, we invite friends residing there to call and examine this one.

## Cases reported at our Boston Offices in January.

Whole number dealt with, 244; animals taken from work, 37; horses and other animals killed, 47.

## OUR MISSIONARY IN KENTUCKY.

We were pleased to receive the other day from our "Press Clipping Bureau" a clipping from "The Journal" of Frankfort, Kentucky, that Mr. Hubbard had visited all the schools of the city and talked to the children on kindness, placed in the hands of the teachers a supply of humane literature, and was about organizing a "Humane Society."

We are glad to hear from Mr. Hubbard that he has been able to organize an excellent "Humane Society" there, and formed lots of "Bands of Mercy," also wishing us to send at once to Mr. E. F. Thompson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, packages of humane literature, which he will send to all the county superintendents of public instruction throughout the State of Kentucky.

Mr. Hubbard has also, since his last report, formed (42) "Bands of Mercy" in Dayton, Bellevue, and Ludlow, Kentucky, and (48) in the colleges and schools of Paris and Georgetown, Kentucky.

We only wish we could afford to send just such missionaries of our "American Humane Education Society" into every State and Territory.

## LATER LETTER FROM OUR MISSIONARY.

## EXTRACTS.

LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, Feb. 13, 1892.

I have gone through the schools here and formed this week 116 "Bands of Mercy," as per list enclosed. The superintendent of schools, Mr. Geo. H. Tingley, is very kind and goes with me a part of each day. They have been wanting this work done for some time, but did not know how to get at it. There are about four hundred public-school teachers, white and colored.

C. S. HUBBARD.

## LETTERS WE LIKE TO READ.

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 9.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

"That the Lord may be your strength in all you undertake is my prayer, and, when the storms of life are over, may we all meet in that city not made with hands. May the Spirit and blessing of God rest upon you."

CARYDON, IOWA.

Dear Sir, — Enclosed please find draft for forty-four annual subscriptions for "Our Dumb Animals."

PHILADELPHIA.

"Enclosed please find remittance for copies of your Autobiographical Sketches, to loan to friends. I have shed tears of joy while reading them." "God bless you and may your life be prolonged" is a part of my prayer every night."

The whole American world knows of the Rev. Dr. Clark, who heads the great National Protestant army of the "Societies of Christian Endeavor," but we had the pleasure of knowing his good father, who is also the Rev. Dr. Clark, long before his distinguished son was born; and this morning we are glad to receive from him a most kind letter, pleasantly reminding us of our old college sports on the football ground, and closing thus: "May God bless you and spare you for many years to carry on the work you have been called to do."

## GRAND ARMY OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

Chapter 192, Boston, has become "Band of Mercy" 11268, and proposes to persuade all other chapters to follow its example.

## GIFTS TO OUR "AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY."

Those who wish to aid Rev. Dr. Jessup in distributing "Black Beauty" in the Arabic in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, or Rev. Dr. Clough in distributing it in the Telugu in India, or to aid its circulation in this continent or elsewhere, or to aid the general work of our Society where and in ways we may think it is most needed, will please kindly say in the letters accompanying their gifts how they prefer to have them used.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE MAYOR OF LAWRENCE, MASS.

Hon. Henry P. Doe, in his inaugural address, January 4, 1892, says: "I would also recommend that the police be instructed to pay far more attention to protecting our dumb animals from cruelty, and consider it a part of their duty to defend from abuse that most noble of animals, the horse, the most useful and yet the most abused of all the brute creation. Every man on the police force should really be an agent to detect and bring to punishment every violator of the laws for the protection of animals."



TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLAR FRENCH DRAFT TEAM OF VIRGIN & CO., FINSBURY, ILL.

The finest draft team in America. No check-reins, blinders, or life mutilation by docking. Kindly loaned us by T. Butterworth, of "Western Agriculturist and Live Stock Journal," Quincy, Ill.

#### ISN'T YOUR HORSE CHECKED A LITTLE TOO HIGH?

A gentleman driving with his family, and a horse checked quite high, stopped at a house on Beacon Street the other day. Vice-President Hon. H. B. Hill happened to be passing, and, seeing the condition of the horse, said kindly to the gentleman, "Isn't your horse checked a little too high?" The gentleman looked, jumped out of the carriage, put down the check, said the horse was checked too high but he hadn't noticed it, and thanked Mr. Hill for kindly telling him.

"Suffering often comes from want of thought, rather than want of heart."

#### DOCKING HEARING AT THE STATE HOUSE.

A LETTER FROM HON. DANIEL NEEDHAM, PRESIDENT OF NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Boston, Feb. 1st, 1892.

DEAR MR. ANGELL.—I will be present if not detained by sickness of my family.

No more important subject will come before the Legislature. To save men from falling back to barbarism is almost equivalent to advancing them in civilization. — Most truly yours,

DANIEL NEEDHAM.

#### DOCKING, POLO, &C.

(From "Horses I Have Known," by Maud Howe, in Feb., 1892, "Wide Awake.")

Among other horses that I have an affection for is an English shire-horse, a great traveller, who crossed the Atlantic and half the continent of America to the Western farm where he is now used to do the heavy carting and ploughing. Such a beauty! An iron-gray dapple, with a snow-white tail and mane. They call him *Tiny*, because he is the biggest horse in the county. His great feet are half-covered with the white shaggy hair of his fetlocks.

I had been used to seeing him on the farm, and

had made friends with him by always carrying a lump of sugar in my pocket for him when I went there. He was not very much of a dandy at the farm; his glorious tail was usually tied up with a wisp of straw, and his mane was only a stormy tangle of white hair.

But not long ago I went to the great cattle and horse show at Chicago, and as I stood outside the ring where the prize-winning horses were being led up and down, I noticed one superb shire-horse proudly wearing the blue cockade and ribbons of a first prize. He was as daintily tricked out as a favorite at a race. He shone like polished steel, his mane was as white and shining as new-fallen snow, and his legs and fetlocks were scrupulously neat and clean.

"He looks," I said to myself, "like some very proud and fashionable relation of *Tiny's*."

Just then the groom led him out of the ring, and as he passed close by me he stopped, neighed, put his great head over the rail close to where I stood and began sniffing at me! It was *Tiny* himself, and he had recognized me and spoken to me, and I had not known him.

I had no sugar for him, but I patted his nose, and we had a little friendly word together, and then his attendant led him off, his wavy tail and mane floating about him. It is a pleasant thing to meet an old friend one is used to seeing in shabby case, the admired of all and the most fashionable of all, and it is even pleasanter to have that friend just as cordial and glad to see you in his prosperity as in the old days of grinding toil. *Tiny* was no snob. He was the best horse in the show; he had been for weeks the object of the greatest care and admiration, two men spent most of the day in arranging his lovely hair, brushing out his long fetlocks, polishing his gray satiny skin, and, though he was quite conscious of the importance of his position and the joy of wearing the blue cockade, he was glad to find an old friend he had known at the farm.

I should like to say one word, in closing, about the fashion of docking horses' tails. It is in my opinion a barbarous and foolish fashion, and there is one argument against it that seems to me a very strong and reasonable one. The tail is of use to a horse, not only to keep away the stinging insects in the summer, but in another matter. The tail is the rudder of the horse.

When he is going rapidly in one direction and his rider turns him quickly into another, the horse uses his tail to help balance himself in the manœuvre. He throws it to the other side, and in this way is enabled to turn or wheel more quickly. This fact is so well recognized by experts, that there is not one cavalry regiment in the whole of Europe or America in which the docking of the tail is permitted. In polo, playing the long-tailed ponies are much the cleverest in turning and shifting their course, because they have the tails with which they were born.

#### WHAT WOMEN DO.

We take the following from one of our New York exchanges:—

Geo. T. Angell says that nine out of every ten dollars thus far paid into the treasury of the "American Humane Education Society" have been paid by women; nineteen out of every twenty "Bands of Mercy" are presided over by women; the same proportion of letters showing interest in the work are written by women; and the best book ever written for the protection of horses, "*Black Beauty*," was written by a woman.

#### FROM WHITTIER'S "SNOW BOUND."

The house-dog, on his paws outspread,  
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;  
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;  
And, for the winter fireside meet,  
Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
The apples sputtered in a row;  
And close at hand the basket stood  
With nuts from brown October's wood.



## 10,000 COPIES.

Ten thousand copies of the book and following statement will be sent out this month. We trust it will result in great good to our A. H. E. S.:—

## THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY AND THIS PUBLICATION.

The American Humane Education Society was the outgrowth of a "Mission Fund," so called, consisting of sums of money sent to me by humane persons in various parts of our country, to be used for the promotion of humane education, in such ways as I might deem best.

Several thousands of dollars were given me in this way for this purpose, and were used with great success in circulating humane literature, information, and education in different parts of our country.

It became clear to my mind that if, from any cause, I should be compelled to cease from my labors, the "Missionary Fund" would end, and that it was of great importance to organize a Humane Society which should perpetuate and increase the work when I should leave it.

For this purpose I applied to the Massachusetts Legislature, in the winter of 1888 and 1889, and the Legislature kindly granted me an act of incorporation under which the "American Humane Education Society" has power to hold half a million of dollars free from taxation.

Among its directors are: Hon. Henry O. Houghton, senior partner of the great publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Company; Hon. Edmund H. Bennett, dean of the Boston University Law School; Hon. Geo. White, Judge of Probate; Hon. Daniel Needham, president of the New England Agricultural Society; Hon. Henry B. Hill, a prominent and well-known citizen of Boston; Geo. T. Angell, Mrs. William Appleton, Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Miss Sarah J. Eddy, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, Miss Florence Lyman, Miss Veronica Dwight.

Under the constitution, which I prepared with great care, the directors hold office for life. When one dies the survivors elect another to fill his or her place.

I was elected president, and Hon. Henry O. Houghton treasurer.

This organization has been sending "Our Dumb Animals," monthly, to about ten thousand American editors, also furnishing outfits, and taking charge of the branches of our "Parent American Band of Mercy," of which have been formed over eleven thousand branches in every State and Territory but Alaska, and containing, probably, from half a million to a million members.

It has printed and caused to be printed nearly a million copies of "Black Beauty" in English, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Swedish languages, and is now aiding in its translation and distribution in French, Arabic, Hindostani, and Telugu.

It has offered a prize of a thousand dollars for the best equestrian drama of "Black Beauty," which it hopes may be seen by hundreds of thousands in this and other countries.

It is now offering three prizes of \$200 each for the best and most useful stories of not less than 100 "Black Beauty" pages, on (1) The kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in our Southern States and Territories. (2) The kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in our Western States and Territories. (3) The kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in our Northern States.

Among its work has been also the offering a prize of one hundred dollars to all the college students of America, for the best essay on "The Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime," and sending to all their libraries humane publications and to the students themselves some seventy thousand copies of condensed humane information, — the offering to all American editors a similar prize of three hundred dollars for a similar essay, and sending to them all copies of condensed humane information, — the offering of two prizes of two hundred and fifty dollars each for the best essays on vivisection, which have been sent to thousands of American editors and physicians.

Also the employing of missionaries to form "Humane Societies" and "Bands of Mercy" in various Southern and Western States and Territories.

These are some of its plans already accomplished, and it has still larger and more important ones for the future, if kind Providence shall give it power to carry them out.

Some years ago, when I arrived at the age of sixty, I wrote a volume of autobiographical sketches, which, at the personal cost to myself of about five hundred dollars, I had printed, and electrotyped so that it might be used, if thought best, after I had passed off the stage.

Recently it occurred to me, from opinions expressed, that a wide publication of these sketches in cheap form may be profitable to our "American Humane Education Society."

Accordingly I transferred the electrotypes plates to the Society, and had two thousand

copies printed from them, some four hundred of which, sent out at a cost to the Society of about twenty-five dollars, brought back in a few days gifts to the amount of more than fourteen times the cost, and many letters speaking of the deep interest of their readers and expressing the earnest hope that they may be widely circulated.

Various autobiographies have been recently written and sold at large profit to their writers.

Frances E. Willard has given the profits of hers to the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union."

I desire to give the profits of mine to the "American Humane Education Society," with this difference, that while other autobiographies have been sold, I prefer to have mine given away, trusting to the kind generosity of those who receive them to send what they can to aid our "American Humane Education Society's" humane work now, and hoping they will so provide for it in their wills, that when I have passed off the stage it may still live and be a great power for good over this whole continent and the world.

The cost of the book to those who care to pay for it is six cents per copy at our offices — ten cents when sent by mail. It contains 146 pages and two photographs of its writer.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

Boston, March 1, 1892.

## AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY—THREE PRIZES OF \$200 EACH.

This offer appeared in Boston daily papers of February 13th and following days.

While the circulation, through the influence of our "American Humane Education Society," of nearly or quite a million copies of "Black Beauty" in this country in the past two years, and the even greater circulation which seems probable not only in our own but in European and Asiatic languages, have opened a new field of literature hitherto almost untrodden, they have by no means filled it.

Other books can be written in the interest of the races we call dumb which will be read as widely and with profit almost or equally great.

For the purpose of stimulating such efforts, I do, in behalf of the "American Humane Education Society," offer three prizes of two hundred dollars each for the most interesting and useful stories, of not less than a hundred "Black Beauty" pages, on the following subjects:—

1st. The kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in our Southern States and Territories.

2d. The kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in our Western States and Territories.

3d. The kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in our Northern States.

The scenes of each story to be in the section of country written about.

In the Southern States the mule should be included, and in all the States horses, cattle, sheep, swine, dogs, cats, etc.

All manuscripts must be received at my offices, 19 Milk Street, Boston, on or before November 1, 1892, must be signed with fictitious names, and each be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name and post-office address of the writer, which will not be opened until the decisions are made.

The committee will consist of three prominent Boston gentlemen, well known to the literary world.

It will be optional with the successful writers to decline the prizes and retain their manuscripts if they so prefer; and no prize will be awarded by the committee to any manuscript unless in their judgment it is deserving of publication.

In regard to the treatment of horses and mules, no better guide can be found than "Black Beauty."

In regard to the treatment of other domestic animals, including cattle, swine, and sheep, in dark and filthy stables, etc., and the multifarious

cruelties to which they are subjected, the field is at present comparatively new.

For suggestions of some of the forms of cruelty proper to be introduced into these stories, see my address to the sixty-one large High, Normal, Latin, and Grammar schools of Boston, which will be sent without charge to all wishing it.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

Boston, February 20, 1892.

## PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY P. C. A.

President's annual report shows 14,330 cases investigated, 290 prosecuted, income about \$15,500, expenses about \$10,000. R. W. Ryer, President; M. V. B. Davis, Secretary.

## INDIANA HUMANE SOCIETY.

Annual report shows lots of good work, of which by no means the least is the excellent humane educational work of Mrs. Anna Prettyman in distribution of "Black Beauty," "Our Dumb Animals," and other humane literature, and the forming of "Bands of Mercy" in the public schools. One day has been established in every public school of the city as "Dumb Animal Day," with proper songs, recitations, addresses, etc.

## THE BOSTON HORSE AND THE ELECTRIC CAR.

I'm the happiest horse in town to-night!

I go with flying feet!

For I have seen the gladdiest sight

'Way down on Boylston Street.

And what it means I know full well;

And when I've said my say,

Down where I dwell, at the Horse Hotel,

There will never a horse say "neigh."

I know I'm right; and now for the sight

On Boylston Street I saw—

A street-car with a brilliant light,

But never a horse to draw.

It rolled along, now fast, now slow,

Steady and straight on the track;

But what made it go, I'm sure I don't know—

There was no horse, front or back.

It looked like the other cars in town;

Yet there's something strange, I feel;

To-night I saw, on looking down,

The lightning under the wheel.

I heard things out of the common rule—

Strange words I never knew;

Yet I'm not a fool; I have been to school

To Mister Bartholomew.

I am simply a slave; but my freedom is won't

The thought thrills through my soul!

If without a horse one car can run,

Why cannot a thousand roll?

I am tied to the track; one day from my back

The harness will drop at my feet,

And I shall be free; no work then for me

On the track of the stony street.

With a sniff and a snort, and a toss of my head,

And a flit of my flying feet,

I will take my bones from the pavement stones

To the prairie soft and sweet!

And day and night I shall owe my flight,

And the joys I there shall meet,

And my freedom bright to the strange, strange sight

That I saw on Boylston Street.

L. J. GREGG, in "Best Things."

## WINTER APPLES.

What cheer is there that is half so good,

In the snowy waste of a winter's night,

As a dancing fire of hickory wood

And an easy chair in its mellow light,

And a pearmain apple, ruddy and sleek,

Or a jenneting with a freckled cheek.

A russet apple is fair to view,

With a tawny tint like an autumn leaf,

The warmth of a ripened cornfield's hue,

Or golden tint of a harvest sheaf;

And the wholesome breath of the finished year

Is held in a winesap's blooming sphere.

They bring you a thought of the orchard trees

In blossomy April and leafy June,

And the sleepy droning of bumble bees

In the lazy light of the afternoon,

And tangled clover and bobolinks,

Tiger lilies and garden pinks.

If you're somewhere left, with its gables wide,

A farmhouse set in an orchard old,

You'll see it all in the winterlude

At sight of a pippen's green and gold,

Or a pearmain apple, ruddy and sleek,

Or a jenneting with a freckled cheek.

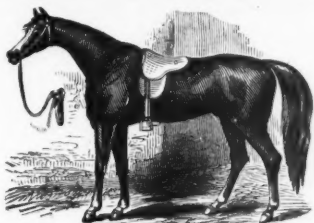
— St. Nicholas.

A country seat—The top fence rail.

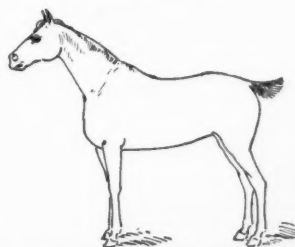
A patient man—One in a doctor's office.

## DOCKING A GROSS CRUELTY TO THE HORSE.

A correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* has written a powerful article against the practice of docking, which he stigmatizes as an act of tremendous cruelty, and some of his remarks are well worth quoting. For instance he says: "I once witnessed the sickening sight, and will give the public what I saw going on in the stable. There were five men. The horse stood in the stall tied by the neck to a ring in the wall, one of the men having a twitch screwed on the end of the nose as tight as possible, holding the head up very high. One was attending to the burning iron in a small furnace, two were holding the horse against the wall, the other was cutting with a pair of large shears the hair where the tail was to be severed. When all was ready the large shears were applied to the joint of the tail and about six inches was lopped off. The blood spurted from the various veins against the wall several feet away. Then the white-hot saucer-shaped iron was applied over the wound for a sufficient time, roasting the flesh of the mutilated tail to stop the bleeding. I shall never forget the cry of that horse." And yet some people will justify this act of horrible cruelty.



THE HORSE AS THE ALMIGHTY MADE HIM.



THE HORSE MUTILATED FOR LIFE.

Dannecker, a German sculptor, worked two years upon a statue of Christ. Then he called a little girl into his studio, and, pointing to the figure, asked,—"Who is that?" "Some great man," answered the child. The artist simply said,—"I have failed. I will begin anew." He worked six years, and then again brought the same maiden into his studio. "Who is it now?" he asked. She gazed at the statue long and silently, then, bowing her head and with tears in her eyes, answered,—"It is He who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'" The sculptor laid aside his chisel. He knew his statue was a success.

## DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

## THE HORSES KNEW THE TUNE.

A relation of mine, who has spent many years in India, remembers well how, when living in Lucknow, and enjoying the evening drive with other English residents in the Indian city, the carriage horses would toss their heads and paw the ground impatiently when the first notes of "God Save the Queen" were played by the military band every evening. It was the last tune played, the signal for dispersion.

A sceptic—or perhaps more than one—having insisted that the horses only knew the tune because it was always played last and they were able to calculate time, the experiment was tried of playing "God Save the Queen" in the middle instead of at the end of the evening. Instantly there was the same excitement in the horses standing round "the course,"—the same impatient tossing of the head and prancing of the feet, the same general stampede, and eagerness to start homeward.

No one could any longer doubt that they knew and recognized the air; in fact that they could tell one tune from another. — London Spectator.

## A VETERAN'S STORY.

ARMY MULES MORE AMENABLE TO KINDNESS THAN BLOWS.

Every old war veteran cudgels his brain a full week before a camp fire for a new song or story. At a gathering of the boys of John A. Andrew Post last week, one of them told his comrades of a wagon master of his command who was distinguished for his fund of expletives, his mastery of the whip, and his unconscionable cruelty.

On the march from the Rapidan in 1864, an exemplary six-mule team in a long line of transportation got lodged in the mud, and delayed the whole line behind it.

The wagon master came up to it with his accustomed oath and roar, and was swinging his murderous cowhide in the air, when the negro driver, with a fondness for his mules that he did not entertain for any human creatures, cried out, "Hole on dar, boss, don't whip dem mules."

He got down from his box, and, ostensibly examining the harness, patted the rump of each mule as he made the circuit of the team, saying to them, "Who curry dese mules down every morning? Who gib dem dere oats twice er day? Who takes 'em to der spring? What yer hitched to dis wagon for, anyhow? Jes you stop fooling, and take it out of dis mud good and quick."

He mounted his box, drew his reins together, cracked his whip in the air, the mules tightened in their traces, gave a long and strong pull, and the team moved to its place in the line.

## ONLY A MULE.

Only a mule in the harness,  
Fallen, because the load  
Was heavier than his frame could draw  
Over the slippery road.

Only a mule, and he lay there  
Suffering, helpless, forlorn,  
With all of the throbbing, sensitive nerves  
Of a human princely born.

Yes, he lay there, an emblem of patience,  
Dying, in spite of the lash,  
Dying, in spite of a driver's rage,  
Curses and words so rash.

He lay there, watched by Our Father,  
Smitten in mercy at last;  
Free from a cruel master,  
Dying,—dead,—and at rest.

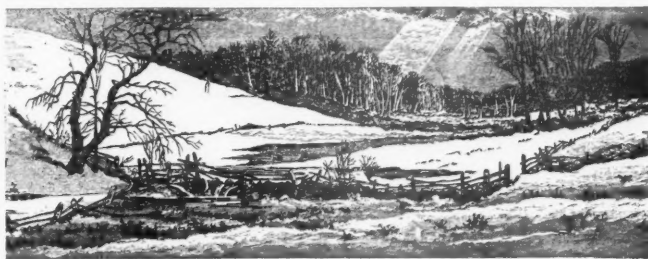
Better to be a humble mule,  
Suffering, patient, and kind,  
Than the human brute who hath slain him,  
The man with the loftier (?) mind.

In the day of "the just made perfect,"  
Ah, laugh not a brute to scorn,  
Better to be a sinless mule,  
Than a beast in human form.

F. E. B.

Mr. P. (10 P. M.)—My dear, the doctor says a brisk walk before going to bed will insure sleep to insomnia sufferers like myself.

Mrs. P.—Well, dear, walk here, and please carry the baby.



WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

From the "Home Seeker," 238 Broadway, New York City.



Copyright, 1884, by Lee & Shepard.

OLD NEW ENGLAND FIRESIDE SCENE.

From "One Year's Sketch Book," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## WHAT WAS DONE FOR TWO TURTLES.

To the girls and boys who read "Our Dumb Animals."—

Dear boys and girls, I want to tell you about two turtles I saw and what was done for their comfort. Last summer a large turtle was put on his back and placed in front of a saloon. A good woman was passing along the avenue in the evening and saw it, and that the electric light was shining on it, so she got a newspaper and put over it to screen its eyes. The next morning, when the sun was shedding its rays on mother earth, and the poor turtle was still lying on its back, two women who passed by on their way down town saw it, and, pitying it, were going over to the mayor's office to ask his assistance, but thought before they did they would see if it was really alive; when they looked closely they saw tears falling from its eyes, because it was suffering. Its stomach had a very thin shell on it, and it was exposed to the sun. So they told the mayor, but before he could go over they had taken it in. I had read in the paper that turtles shed tears when in distress, but thought it was only a newspaper story, and was glad to hear that it was a truth—as one likes to believe some of the things the newspapers tell us. The next day I saw the shell, so the turtle was made into soup.

The other turtle was a black one that I saw placed in a window with glass on all sides, so that it could not have any air. The poor thing was on its hind legs, pushing against the glass, with no mud, grass, or water to lie in. I told a policeman I saw near, that I was a member of that great and noble army, the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and could not see the turtle suffer, and asked him to go to the saloon and see about it. When I came back I found it was not in the glass case. So the poor black turtle was out in a better place I hope. I take great pleasure in reading "Our Dumb Animals." Wishing you a happy new year,

I remain, your friend,

Atlantic City, N. J.

L. W. V.

We were glad to find in "Boston Herald" of February 7th, at the head of the column of receipts by Kidder, Peabody & Co. for Russia's starving, "Golden Rule Band of Mercy," No. 9454, Newtonville, two dollars. The time may come when the contribution of "Russian Band of Mercy" No. 9454 will come to America, for we have faith to believe the songs of our "Bands of Mercy" following the circulation of "Black Beauty," will sooner or later be sung around the world.



## HIS MOTHER.

The cold gray shadows of the wintry twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest streams in their uncertain mist, the factory chimneys flung their fiery banners of smoke against the leaden sky, a *basco-rifero* that would have made Rembrandt himself rejoice, and the hum of never-ceasing machinery in the little town rose above the rush of the river like the buzz of a gigantic insect.

Charles Emery, the day superintendent in the rolling mills, was just retiring to his home, having been relieved by the night superintendent, and as he walked along, his feet sounding crisply on the hard, frozen earth, he whistled softly to himself, as light-hearted as a bird.

"You're going with us to-night, Charley, to the opera?" cried a gay voice, and two or three young men came by.

For upon that especial evening there was to be an opera in the little town, a genuine New York company, with a chorus, a full orchestra, and all the paraphernalia of scenery and costume which provincial residents so seldom enjoy, and the younger population were on the *qui vive* of delightful expectation.

"I am going," said Emery, slowly; "but not with you."

"But you will change your mind, though," said Harrison, "when you hear that Kate Marcy is to be of our party.—Kate Marcy and the Miss Hollowells and Fanny Hewitt. There are eight of us going. We've kept a seat on purpose for you!"

"I have engaged myself to another lady," said Emery.

Harrison laughed. "Well, I'm sorry for it," said he; "but Miss Marcy is not a girl who need pine for a cavalier. We'll keep the seat for you until a quarter of eight. And let me give you a warning, old fellow! Kate Marcy is a high-minded girl—it won't do to trifle too much with her!"

Charles Emery went on his way rather graver and more self-absorbed. He had asked his mother the day before to go, and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight.

"Your father often used to take me, Charley," she said, "when we were young people and lived in New York. But it is twenty years and more since I have been to an opera. And if you're quite sure, dear, that there is no young lady whom you would rather take—"

"As if any young girl in the world could be to me what my own darling mother is!" replied Emery, smiling across the table to her.

"Then I shall be delighted to go," said Mrs. Emery. And her voice and eyes bore witness to the truth of her words.

But now that a regular party had been organized, and Kate Marcy had promised to join it, things looked different to the young man. For a moment he almost regretted that he had engaged himself to take his mother.

"She would be as well pleased with any concert," he said to himself, "and I should have the opportunity of sitting all evening next to Kate Marcy. I'll ask her to let me off this time. She won't care."

But when he went into the little sitting-room of their humble domain, and saw his mother with her silver-gray hair rolled into puffs on either side of her almost unwrinkled brow, her best black silk donned, and the opal brooch she owned pinned into the white lace folds at her bosom, his heart misgave him.

"I have been trimming my bonnet over with some violet-velvet flowers," said she, smiling, "so as to do you no discredit, Charley; and I have a new pair of violet kid gloves. And now you must drink your tea. I've made some of your favorite cream-biscuits, and the kettle is nearly boiling. Oh, Charley, you'll laugh at me, I'm afraid, but I feel like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's so seldom, you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way!"

And then Charles Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him, in her helpless old age and sweet affectionate dependence, than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivalled the September peach.

"Going with some one else?" said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not exactly pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of C—, and rather an heiress in her own right. She liked Charles Emery, and she rather surmised that he liked her. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue flowers for her hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color.

"Going with some one else?" she repeated. "Well, he has a right to suit himself."

And she kept within her own soul the jealousy that disturbed her all the while she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn up, until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle on the row of seats beyond, and Emery entered with his mother.

Then Kate's overgloomed face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gaslights had all of a sudden been turned up, as if all the mimic world in the opera house had grown radiant.

Never was voice sweeter to her ears than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of the *prima donna*; never did scenery glow with such natural tints or footlights shine more softly. Kate Marcy declared that the opera was "perfection."

"Yes; but," said poor little Nina Cummings, "do look at Charley Emery with that little old woman! Why couldn't he have come and sat with us?"

Kate said nothing. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little opera house she could scarcely venture to express her entire opinion, but she said in a low, earnest tone,—

"I don't know what you think of it, Nina; but I, for my part, respect Mr. Emery a thousand times more for his kindness to his mother."

And, almost at the same second, she found herself looking directly into Charley's eyes.

For a moment only. The crowd separated them almost ere they could recognize one another; but Kate felt sure—and her cheek glowed scarlet—that he heard her words.

"Charley," said little Mrs. Emery, looking into her son's face as they emerged into the veil of softly falling snow which seemed to enwrap the whole outer world in a dim, dazzling mystery, "who was that girl with the large blue eyes and the sweet face wrapped in a white, fleecy sort of hood—the one who said she respected you?"

"It was Kate Marcy, mother."

"She has the face of an angel," said Mrs. Emery softly.

The next day Charley went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red brick gables, sheathed with ivy, rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of the busy village.

"Miss Marcy," he said, "I heard what you said last night."

"It was not meant for your ears, Mr. Emery," said Kate, coloring a soft rosy pink.

"But," he pursued, looking her full in the face, "I cannot be satisfied with that, Miss Marcy, I want a warmer feeling. If you could teach yourself to love me!"

The dimples came around Kate Marcy's red lips, wreathing her smile in wondrous beauty.

"Mr. Emery," she said, "I do love you. I have loved you for a long time."

And Charley went home, envying neither king nor prince.

"But I never should have loved you so dearly," his young wife told him afterward, "if you hadn't been so kind to that little mother of yours. In my eyes you never looked so handsome as when you stood bending over her gray head in the crowded hall of the opera house that night."

## [For Our Dumb Animals.]

## A TRUE STORY OF NANTUCKET.

## BIG ROVER AND LITTLE MISS T., OR A DOG'S KINDNESS TO AN INVALID LADY.

Rover was a great tan-colored dog, with a white star on his forehead, white breast and fore feet, and beautiful hazel eyes that could almost speak, they were so expressive.

Little Miss T. was a frail little body, who was lame and walked with crutches. On the first night of her arrival at the Russell Farm she was sitting upon the piazza after tea, with some of the other boys, when Rover came trotting from the barn, holding a large rubber ball between his teeth. Dropping it at Mr. Russell's feet, he began to bark and caper about, which was his way of saying:—

"Come, let's have a game of ball, and show these new boarders what we can do, won't you. Please do."

His master, Amos Russell, was in the habit of playing with him a little while after supper every night, and Rover would always remind him of it if he ever by chance forgot it. It was really quite wonderful. Mr. Russell would throw the ball with considerable force across the open green space stretching away in front of the house; but no matter how fast the ball sped, Rover would catch it in his mouth and come back to his master, running as hard as he could run all the time, and with a cunning toss of the head would throw the ball down, and then jump up and lick Mr. Russell's face. Standing upon his hind legs he could easily rest his fore paws upon his master's shoulder.

All this time poor little Miss T. sat and trembled in her corner, wondering what would become of her if that great dog should run and jump up at her in that way.

When the game was finished, proud Rover walked about among the guests to receive their praise and petting. He came up to little Miss T., sniffed at her crutches, and then looked inquiringly up into her face. She put her hands upon his head and gently rubbed his ears, saying,—

"Good Rover! Nice dog! Don't you see that I am lame and can't walk as other people do? I have to use these to help me walk, and she showed him the crutches and let him sniff at them and examine them very carefully.

"Now, Rover dear," she continued, "I want to tell you something. You see, it would be very bad if you should come racing at me and jump up with your great paws on my shoulder, because I am weak and lame, and you could easily knock me over, you are so big and strong. You will try to remember, won't you, and be as careful as you can of me?"

Rover wagged his bushy tail as hard as he could, kissed her little hands all over, and tried to tell her that he understood. Then he snuggled up closer at her side, laid his head in her lap, and before long was asleep.

The next morning Miss T. thought she would walk down to the trout brook. She had seen nothing of Rover since breakfast, and was quite sure he had gone off with a party. She discovered her mistake, however, when she was half-way across the grassy field that lay between the house and the brook. Happening to look up suddenly, she saw him bounding down the hill at his usual speed right towards her. There was not a rock, or tree, or shrub, behind which she could seek shelter. What should she do? Her first impulse was to sit right down upon the ground, and thus save herself from being violently thrown down. But quick as a lightning flash came a second thought.

"No," she said to herself, trying to steady her shaking knees, "I will not let him see how afraid I am. I am just going to stand still and trust in his

nobility and kindness, the same as if he were a human being."

She waited till he was within a few yards of her, and then spoke in her sweet, kind voice:—"Gently, Rover, gently; you mustn't jump up on me or bounce against me, because I am lame, you know. Carefully, Rover. There! that's it. He's a lovely, nice doggie!" and she leaned upon her crutches and caressed him as he rubbed against her dress and poked his nose under her arm, wagging his tail furiously all the while.

He had slackened his pace as soon as she began to speak. From that moment little Miss T.'s fears were at rest, and she and Rover became the best of friends. He was always her companion in the short walks she was able to take, and all summer long he treated her with a gentleness that he showed to no one else. Although he enjoyed frightening the other ladies by jumping up and trying to kiss them in his boisterous way, he never annoyed her, no matter how full of fun and frolic he was. He recognized the fact that she needed tender protecting care, and gave it to her on all occasions. She had not trusted in his nobility and kindness in vain.

Nantucket, Mass.

FANNY LOUISE WEAVER.

## FROM THE MAIL AND TIMES, DES MOINES, IOWA.

It was announced this spring that a professional bird catcher was at work near Burlington, Iowa, capturing and killing beautiful song birds for their plumage, which was to be used for decorating ladies' hats. He is said to have had a contract with Eastern millinery houses for 600 redbirds alone. He claimed to have made in some years by this atrocious kind of work nearly \$3000. Now, if this is true, is it any wonder that song birds are getting scarcer year by year. The "Mail and Times" man, in common with all lovers of song-birds, would very earnestly protest against this destruction of Iowa birds in wantonness, or for decorative purposes. The women of the United States, in one season, could drive this vile traffic in bird plumage from among us, if they chose so to do. Who has been so strong in battling for temperance? Who has fought the good fight for the disenfranchisement of her sex, and won a victory? Who has, with tears, prayers, and at great sacrifice, plead and worked for the enlightenment and elevation of the women in heathen lands—and not in vain? Woman, whose love never fails, if truly given, whose love is bound in golden links to the great heart of the Saviour of the world. Can she do a greater or more nobler work before the world now, in our country, than by forever discarding and tramping under her feet the fashion which degrades the death of God's creatures that her hat may be jauntily adorned? Can she approach as near the mercy seat, think you, while her hat is ornamented with the plumage of these innocents, whose blood cries to heaven from the ground, as she could in raiment which has not caused the sacrifice of a feathered songster of the woods or fields? Mothers, sisters, wives, you are appealed to that you may forever emancipate yourselves from a custom which causes innocent and useful lives to be sacrificed on the altar of fashion.

## RECKLESS SHOOTING IN FLORIDA.

## PASSENGERS ON THE STEAMBOATS KILL ANIMALS OUT OF PURE WANTONNESS.

(A Correspondent in "Forest and Stream.")

The rush of tourists to Florida increases every winter, and so much shooting (every man nearly takes his gun) is rapidly diminishing the game all through the country.

The time was, and only a few years ago, when every bay and lagoon was teeming with birds, but when the fashion demanded that every woman's bonnet should be decorated with some kind of a bird or its feathers, men were sent to Florida to procure them, and on expedition returned, it is said, with 100,000 bird skins, shot during one winter. Such destruction is now felt, and although the authorities have now prohibited the slaughter, it is like locking the stable after the horse is stolen.

On the Apalachicola river wild turkeys and ducks are shot wantonly from the decks of the steamboats, and alligators all along the banks come in for a fusillade from the rifles of the passengers. On my recent trip on this river I saw numbers of turkeys shot as they were running along the banks, that were of course wasted, as the boat could not stop to pick them up; and every flock of ducks that rose was fired into, killing or maiming more or less of them. Not only on the ground of wanton cruelty should the owners of these boats prohibit the use of firearms, but it is a great annoyance to many passengers to have rifles and shotguns banging away around them, to say nothing of the danger to life from careless use of guns by mere boys, as some of them were.

[Need of humane education and "Bands of Mercy."—EDITOR.]

## POOR RECOMMENDATION.

I was sitting in the office of a prominent manufacturer of Richmond not long since, when a boy about sixteen entered with a cigar in his mouth. He said he would like to get a situation to learn a trade.

"I might give you a place," was the answer, "but you carry a very bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman.

"I don't think it any harm to smoke, sir; nearly everybody smokes now."

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, that I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars you will be above working as an apprentice."

A German timepiece—The watch on the Rhine.



## WHERE THE STORKS GO IN WINTER.

A Belgian nobleman once managed to catch 200 storks, and labelled every one of them with a piece of pasteboard giving the address of the experimenter, and requesting to inform him where the bird had been caught or killed during the winter season. These curious passports were attached in a conspicuous manner to the neck or legs of the birds, and one of them returned next spring with a message to the effect that he had been caught in a meadow in Western Algeria. Two years after another of the original tickets came back by mail, with a note stating that the winged messenger had been shot at Fort George, near the mouth of the Senegal.

## THE STORK AND ITS MESSAGE.

Early in the summer months of 1876, while indulging in an aerial voyage, a young stork dropped into the garden belonging to a house situated in the immediate vicinity of Hamburg, at the back of which stood some old trees where for a succession of years other storks had built their nests. The house was then occupied by a widow lady named Harmann and her two children—Karlina, in her eleventh year, and Fritz, two years younger.

While playing in the garden the children observed and ran towards the little thing, which they found seated in the midst of a flower bed. Lifting it carefully for fear of injuring it, they ran to their mother and made an earnest request that she would allow them to rear it.

"Storks can be tamed, you know, mamma dear," Karlina said.

"And you will find it so useful in the garden," Fritz pleaded warmly.

Mrs. Harmann, smiling, took the quaint little stranger on her lap and gently stroked it.

"And you will be kind to it, and attend to its wants if I give you permission to keep it?"

"Yes, yes," they cried.

"Then it is yours," and the delighted children carried their new pet off in triumph.

Being naturally fond of birds and animals the little Harmanns had been carefully taught to show kindness to any helpless creature which chance or accident might happen to throw in their way, and it is hardly necessary to say that they faithfully kept their promise to be kind to their little captive, and throughout the golden summer months he was their chosen playfellow, entering into their sports and pastimes with an intelligent interest which doubly endeared him to them.

"Fritz and I never mean to part with Storky," Karlina said to her mother one lovely August day while caressing the bird then lying by her side with his long straight beak resting on her shoulder. "O, my dear, you will soon have to part with him," Mrs. Harmann said in regretful tones, for she too loved the gentle bird that had shown itself so affectionate and grateful for the care taken of it. "He would only die if you were to detain him. He will soon join his tribe, and fly away beyond the seas to warmer climes where he can spend the winter months."

"But we could keep him warm and comfortable in our school room," Karlina said wistfully.

"But what about his food, my dear? Your natural history book tells you, does it not, that storks by their annual migrations avoid the severe seasons in which the reptiles that form their food remain hid and torpid,—wonderful provision of an all-wise Creator." Both children grew pale at thoughts of losing their favorite, and the ready tears sprang to their eyes.

"I know what I shall do when the time comes for Storky to leave us," Karlina said, nodding her wise little eleven year old head. "I shall write on a piece of paper: 'Be kind to Storky during the winter, and send him back to us in the spring,' and sign it with our names and address, and tie it round one of his legs," and she laughed and clapped her hands with childish glee, her mother and Fritz sharing in her merriment, and wondering with her as to what would be the result of the experiment.

One bitter cold day in October Fritz and Karlina came running to their mother with faces of consternation, the former shouting, "Oh! mamma, mamma, Storky's gone! he is not in the garden, and the nest is deserted." Here he fairly broke down, his sister joining audibly in his grief. "Well, well, my dear children," Mrs. Harmann said, "I told you storks must fly away like other birds of passage, but only to come back to us with the gladsome spring, sweeping over desert and deep, 'through the wastes of trackless air.'"

"But has Storky quite left us, mamma?" persisted Fritz.

"I fear so."

"And gone without my message," Karlina cried.

But the attached and loving bird had not left his loving companions, as they sadly thought.

Towards the close of a fine bright day, about a week after, he dropped down into the garden and greeted his delighted friends with lively demonstrations of affection.

Fully persuaded that this was his farewell visit, Karlina ran into the house and speedily returned with her carefully written message and fastened it by a piece of colored ribbon to one of his legs.

As the setting sun lit up the autumnal scene with a bright transient gleam, a flock of storks passed slowly above them.

These the young bird evidently recognized as his party, for,

"With a loving farewell glance he took wing,

And after a few ever-widening circles"

around his tearful friends, rose higher and higher, the little piece of paper bearing the loving message perfectly distinguishable in his upward flight.

"Good by, Storky," cried the children kissing their hands to the bird and sobbing out "Come back with spring; come back with spring."

All throughout the severe winter which followed, the little Harmanns would talk often of their loving playmate of the bygone summer. But when they saw the garden hidden for days beneath a thick covering of snow, and heard the plaintive cries of birds that were being fed by their little hands, they rejoiced to think that their dear Storky was away from all starvation and cold, enjoying himself amidst sunshine and flowers; but oh how they longed to have him back! and could he only speak that he might tell them of what he had seen and been doing during all the weary months of absence.

At length the long gloomy winter passed and gentle spring made the earth glad with its presence.

Would Storky come to them? Karlina and Fritz asked each other as they gazed out of the windows which commanded a view of Hamburg, and saw the huge nests on belfry tower, and housetop once more occupied by the birds, while the tree inhabited by Storky still remained untenanted. Would he ever come back?

Storky, now a splendid full-grown bird, answered this question in person, and appeared one morning on the terrace wall, craning his neck in at the parlor window in the hope that his never-forgotten and still fondly loved companions would see him and run out to welcome him; and oh what rejoicing there was over the returned exile.

Shouts of "Mamma! mamma!" brought Mrs. Harmann on the scene, and when the bird came forward to greet her, Karlina observed for the first time that it still had a piece of paper tied round its leg.

"Oh, Fritz," she cried, with tearful eyes; "no one has cared for Storky, since he has brought back my message."

Amazed and hurt at this slight to her feathered darling, she took the paper off and unrolled it. No, it was not her message, it was another written in German and read as follows:—

"K—, AFRICA.  
"Your stork has spent the winter with me. I read your message, have given him kind care through the winter, and now send this in return. I am a missionary living here."

## KIND ACT OF A KING'S DAUGHTER.

On an elevated train the other day a glimpse was had of a kind act, the doer of which little suspected that she was noticed. Among the passengers was a sweet-faced young woman, dressed in fresh but not deep mourning, such as one might wear for a young child. At one of the stations another woman got on carrying a baby. Both were clearly but poorly dressed, the baby particularly needing warmer garments than its gingham dress for the sharp air of the day. It wore no hat, a little shawl pinned over its head serving for hat and cloak as well.

The pair were seated directly opposite the lady in black, whose gaze was soon riveted upon them. She watched the baby as if she could not take her eyes from it, and when a shifting of passengers left a vacant seat on one side of the mother, she crossed and took it.

"What a bright baby," she said, leaning toward it, "how old is she?" with a soft smile at the pleased mother.

The woman told her. "Ah," said the first speaker, "my baby was a month older. But she was no larger." Then she bent down and smiled in the baby's eyes, letting its little hand clasp one of her gloved fingers. "There is a little coat and warm cap," she said, speaking low and rapidly, "will you give me your address and let me send it to you?"

The woman scarcely caught her meaning. "Quick, please; I leave at the next station," urged the other, still playing with the baby.

Hesitatingly then, and flushing a little, an address was given. A low "Thank you" was the reply, and then the train slowed up.

The involuntary listener and assistant at the little scene saw the black-robed figure pause a moment on the platform outside and take up a tablet attached to her belt, evidently to write down the address. As she did so, a glimpse was had, too, of a silver cross and a tiny knot of purple ribbon, which showed in whose name the dead baby's garments were offered. If this is the spirit of all the King's Daughters, what a beautiful sisterhood it is!—N. Y. Times.

"A country paper speaks of a man who died without the aid of a physician."

This reminds us of what Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, when asked how long he expected to live, is said to have answered: "Until I fall into the hands of the doctors."

Nevertheless, when sick we consult the doctor.

Never lose your temper. Nobody wants it; all have enough of their own.



## MY CAT.

From "Cat's Arabian Nights," published by D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

## AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

We are glad to receive a kind letter from James Burt, Esq., Honorary Secretary of the Auckland S. P. C. A., acknowledging reception of (970) copies of our "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," for use in their public schools, and copies of "Black Beauty," etc. He encloses the following interesting account of his family cat:—

"It is often asserted that cats manifest but little intelligence, and are comparatively undomestic. The incident now related proves the contrary. I had a cat which used to follow me about like a dog. On leaving for a couple of months, I requested the woman in charge of the house to take particular care of the cat, as it was a great favorite; this she promised to do, but as I thought I observed a cynical expression about her mouth, I had misgivings as to her sincerity. On my return, after two months' absence, the housekeeper informed me that my favorite had been stealing chickens. The cause was evident upon the poor creature making her appearance, for she was a bag of bones. In spite of her condition, the caretaker assured me she had been well fed. The poor animal was overjoyed to see me, and manifested the greatest anxiety to keep within sight of me. On the following day, as I was leaving the house with my wife, pussy keeping close to us, her pretended friend spoke to her in a caressing manner. Then followed a scene which I shall never forget: the poor dumb animal turned upon her persecutor a face indicating the most intense hatred and detestation, nor could she be persuaded to accept any kindness from her enemy.

Auckland, N. Z.

JAMES BURT."

## NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

If I am weak and you are strong,  
Why then, why then,  
To you the braver deeds belong;

And so, again,  
If you have gifts and I have none,  
If I have shade and you have sun,  
'Tis yours with freer hand to live,  
'Tis yours with truer grace to give,  
Than I, who, giftless, sunless, stand  
With barren life and hand.

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code  
By love inspired;  
Of him on whom much is bestowed  
Is much required.

The tuneful throat is bid to sing,  
The oak must reign the forest's king,  
The rustling stream the wheel must move,  
The beaten steel its strength must prove,  
'Tis given unto eagle eyes  
To face the midday skies.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead

every child and older person to  
seize every opportunity to say a  
*kind word, or do a kind act that*will make some other human being  
or some dumb creature happier.

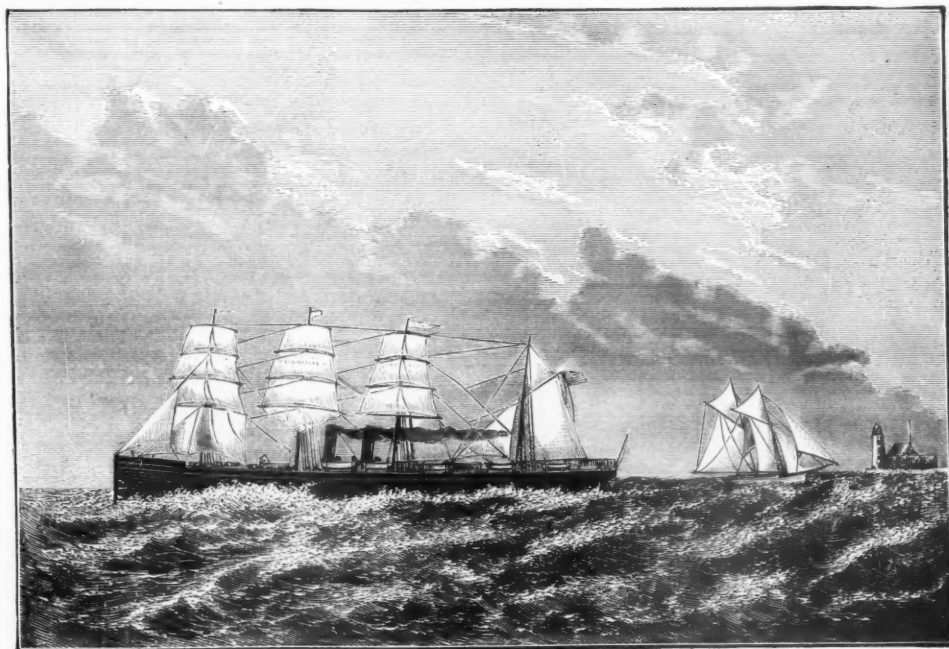
GEO. T. ANGELL.

## NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- 11685 Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Wide Awake Band.  
P., Mary L. Johnston.
- 11686 Medicine Lodge, Kan.  
Medicine Lodge Band.  
P., Roscoe Robinson.
- 11687 Providence, R. I.  
Beacon Band, No. 3.  
P., Abbie F. Butler.
- 11688 Asbury, Ohio.  
Asbury Band.  
P., A. E. Davidson.
- 11689 Sidney, N. Y.  
Busy Workers Band.  
P., Clyde Fisher.
- 11690 Light Street, Pa.  
Star Band.  
P., Bessie White.
- 11691 Southwest Harbor, Me.  
Dare-to-do-right Band.  
P., Mrs. S. F. Rich.
- 11692 Kalamazoo, Mich.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Mrs. F. L. Brown.
- 11693 Portland, Oregon.  
Portland Band.  
P., Carl Evans.
- 11694 Bellevue, Ky.  
Busy Bee Band.  
P., Lillie Mette.
- 11695 Rosebud Band.  
P., Dora Stetter.
- 11696 Pansy Band.  
P., Rosa Fee.
- 11697 Daisy Band.  
P., Hattie Diefenbach.
- 11698 Lily Band.  
P., Edith Douglass.
- 11699 Violet Band.  
P., Julia Merrill.
- 11700 Tulip Band.  
P., Jennie Beard.
- 11701 Rose Band.  
P., Anna West.
- 11702 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Ida M. Hayes.
- 11703 Verbena Band.  
P., Kate Stetter.
- 11704 Mayflower Band.  
P., Mary A. Nesbit.
- 11705 I'll Try Band.  
P., Emma L. Nagel.
- 11706 Never Fail Band.  
P., Louisa G. Roth.
- 11707 Longfellow Band.  
P., Alcyone Johnson.
- 11708 Excelsior Band.  
P., E. W. Weaver.
- 11709 Ludlow, Ky.  
Public Schools.  
Longfellow Band.  
P., D. J. James.
- 11710 Excelsior Band.  
P., Mary E. Tuxell.
- 11711 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Lida McBride.
- 11712 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Minnie Helman.
- 11713 Lily Band.  
P., Ella Freeman.
- 11714 Rose Band.  
P., Sadie Lockwood.
- 11715 Pansy Band.  
P., Lillie McCoy.
- 11716 Daisy Band.  
P., Grace Harwood.
- 11717 Buttercups Band.  
P., Anna Higgins.
- 11718 Brookline, Mass.  
Junior Epworth League Bd.  
P., Rev. Wm. N. Brodbeck.
- 11719 Brooksville, W. Va.  
Brooksville Band.  
P., ——— McNorman.
- 11720 Aurora, Ill.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Mrs. Clara E. Beede.
- 11721 Vineland, N. J.  
Spring Road School Band.  
P., May A. Cosman.
- 11722 Providence, R. I.  
Wide Awake Band.  
P., Miss E. J. D'Arcy.
- 11723 Buffalo, N. Y.  
Junior League Band.  
P., Sheldon Howard.
- 11724 Oxford Mass.  
Snowflake Band.  
P., Eliza W. Dean.
- 11725 Rockville, Conn.  
Golden Star Band.  
P., Jennie E. Andrews.
- 11726 Fowler, Cal.  
Geranium Band.  
P., Ida V. McDonald.
- 11727 Brockton, Mass.  
Porter Band.  
P., E. L. Porter.
- 11728 Hyde Park, Mass.  
Junior League Band.  
P., Mrs. A. E. Bradley.
- 11729 Paris, Ky.  
Public Schools.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., C. L. Martin.
- 11730 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. E. G. Martin.
- 11731 Violet Band.  
P., Jennie Hanson.
- 11732 Rose Band.  
P., Julia O'Brien.
- 11733 Tulip Band.  
P., Mrs. Walker.
- 11734 Busy Bee Band.  
P., Bertie Clay.
- 11735 Rosebud Band.  
P., Mrs. Southerland.
- 11736 Lincoln Band.  
P., J. C. Graves.
- 11737 Whittier Band.  
P., Mary E. Graves.
- 11738 Douglas Band.  
P., Miss Frenan.
- 11739 I'll Try Band.  
P., Miss Nichols.
- 11740 Never Fail Band.  
P., Miss Bakee.
- 11741 Pansy Band.  
P., Maggie L. Freenan.
- 11742 Daisy Band.  
P., Miss Janway.
- 11743 St. Mary's Catholic School.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Sister Beromeo.
- 11744 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Sister Mary Nichols.
- 11745 Paris, Ky.  
Mrs. Berry's Select School.  
Longfellow Band.  
P., M. W. Berry.
- 11746 Whittier Band.  
P., Miss Sallie Berry.
- 11747 Buttercups Band.  
P., Miss Mary Monin.
- 11748 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Carrie Berry.
- 11749 Mrs. Tipton's Private School.  
Goldenrod Band.  
P., Miss M. S. Tipton.
- 11750 Miss Kate Edgar's Private Sch.  
Cloverleaf Band.  
P., Kate Edgar.
- 11751 Pansy Band.  
P., Mrs. Alexander.
- 11752 Prof. Yerkes' School.  
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P., W. L. Yerkes.
- 11753 Georgetown, Ky.  
Public Schools.  
I'll Try Band.  
P., R. L. Garrison.
- 11754 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Mrs. R. L. Garrison.
- 11755 Never Fail Band.  
P., Betty S. Bradley.
- 11756 Daisy Band.  
P., Emma T. Gasner.
- 11757 Pansy Band.  
P., Johanna Mahoney.
- 11758 Colored Schools.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Charles Stule.
- 11759 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Mrs. Bettie E. Lewis.
- 11760 Lincoln Band.  
P., Mary E. Brown.
- 11761 Busy Workers Band.  
P., Bettie E. Scott.
- 11762 Sunshine Band.  
P., Nora Shores.
- 11763 Female Seminary.  
Goldenrod Band.  
P., Rowena A. Pollard.
- 11764 Violet Band.  
P., Clara A. Prior.
- 11765 Rose Band.  
P., Lily E. A. Robins.
- 11766 Tulip Band.  
P., Elizabeth M. Wright.
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P., M. Kate Bradley.
- 11768 Mayflower Band.  
P., Ferial P. Nelson.
- 11769 Buttercups Band.  
P., Mrs. Sallie Thomley.
- 11770 Georgetown College.  
Audubon Band.  
P., Prof. Rucker.
- 11771 Thoreau Band.  
P., Prof. J. E. Harry.
- 11772 G. T. Angell Band.  
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- 11773 Longfellow Band.  
P., Prof. J. W. Beck.
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- 11775 Georgetown Academy.  
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P., Prof. S. J. Pullian.
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P., J. W. Stout.
- 11777 Lynn, Mass.  
Allis Band.  
P., Julia J. Moore.
- 11778 Cornish, Me.  
Cornish Band.  
P., Marion Sanborn.
- 11779 Waupaca, Wis.  
I'll Try Band.  
P., Mrs. M. Crowell.
- 11780 Raleigh, N. C.  
Peace Band.  
P., Hattie E. Williams.
- 11781 Brooklyn, N. Y.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Miss M. L. McDivitt.
- 11782 W. Newton, Mass.  
The Garden City Band.  
P., Miss May Barbour.
- 11783 Chelsea, Mass.  
Kindness Band.  
P., Jesse Gould.
- 11784 Westhampton Bch., L.I., N.Y.  
Westhampton Bch. Bd. No. 1.  
P., Elizabeth Burnett.
- 11785 Westhampton Bch. Bd. No. 2.  
P., Miss Jennie Taylor.
- 11786 Covington, Ky.  
Relief Band.  
P., Elmer Nixon.
- 11787 Vineland, N. J.  
Magnolia Band.  
P., Susie J. Denney.
- 11788 Hempstead, N. Y.  
Hempstead Band.  
P., Mrs. T. H. Smith.
- 11789 Boston, Mass.  
Brookline M. E. Church.  
Junior League Band.  
P., Florence L. Nichols.
- 11790 Mansfield, Mass.  
Mansfield Band.  
P., Lawrence F. Wright.
- 11791 Bellevue, Ky.  
Bellevue L. T. L. Band.  
P., Miss Mary Mugeridge.
- 11792 Phila., Pa.  
Love Band.  
P., Irvin Noss.
- 11793 Carlisle, Pa.  
Carlisle Band.  
P., Asa Patterson.
- 11794 Lehighton, Pa.  
Kindness To All Band.  
P., Elsie Steigerwalt.
- 11795 Westfield, Mass.  
Star Band.  
P., May E. Baxter.
- 11796 Newburgh, N. Y.  
Newburgh Band.  
P., Miss C. A. Goodale.
- 11797 Kaweah, Cal.  
Kaweah Band.  
P., Dr. Smith.
- 11798 Bradford, Pa.  
Rosebud Band.  
P., Mrs. Hattie Gee.
- 11799 Reinhold Station, Pa.  
Reinhold Band.  
P., C. H. Light.
- 11800 New York City, N. Y.  
Little Humanitarians Band.  
P., Hannah S. Wingate.
- 11801 Mt. Carmel, Pa.  
Busy Bee Band.  
P., Alene Stillwagner.
- 11802 Covington, Ky.  
Amaranth Band.  
P., Emma Casey.
- 11803 Sidney, N. Y.  
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P., Charlie H. Phelps.
- 11804 Pana, Ill.  
Junior Epworth League Band.  
P., Mrs. P. M. Nichols.
- 11805 Providence, R. I.  
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P., Mrs. M. E. Moore.
- 11806 Raleigh, N. C.  
Garfield School Band.  
P., Charles Hunter.
- 11807 Covington, Ky.  
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P., May B. Martin.
- 11808 Barre, Vt.  
Helping Hand Band.  
P., Kate M. Healey.
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- 11811 St. Johnsville, N. Y.  
Johnsville Band.  
P., M. Theresa Smith.
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Charles St. School Band.  
P., Margaret J. King.
- 11813 Woburn, Mass.  
Plympton Band.  
P., Frederic P. Lewis.
- 11814 Chaplin, Conn.  
Iron Cross Band.  
P., Lina Harvey.
- 11815 Moorestown, N. J.  
Moore Band.  
P., L. H. Morris.
- 11816 Frankfort, Ky.  
Elk Horn Band.  
P., C. H. Parnett.
- 11817 Lily Band.  
P., G. T. Graham.
- 11818 Tulip Band.  
P., Miss Mattie Sacrey.
- 11819 Violet Band.  
P., Lizzie Hahn.
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P., Mrs. Allie V. Jones.
- 11821 Pansy Band.  
P., Mollie Hoover.
- 11822 Daisy Band.  
P., Sallie Vawter.
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S. Omaha Band.  
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A VOYAGE TO EUROPE.

## WAR—KILLING A MAN.

A SOLDIER TELLS OF ONE OF THE THINGS HE DID IN THE LINE OF DUTY.

They do not call it murder when men meet to slaughter each other in battle. They simply report so many dead, wounded, and missing.

Here is a brigade of us in battle line across an old meadow; our right and left join other brigades. We have thrown down the rail fence, gathered logs and brush and sod, and erected a breastwork. It is only a slight one, but enough to shelter us while lying down. A division of the enemy breaks cover half a mile away and comes marching down upon us.

They are going to charge us. Orders run along the line, and we are waiting until every bullet, no matter if fired by a soldier with his eyes shut, must hit a foe. I select my man while he is yet beyond range. I have eyes for no other. He is a tall, soldierly fellow, wearing the stripes of a sergeant. As he comes nearer I imagine that he is looking as fixedly at me as I am at him. I admire his coolness. He looks neither to the right nor to the left. The man on his right is hit and goes down, but he does not falter.

I am going to kill that man! I have a rest for my gun on the breastwork, and when the order comes to fire I cannot miss him. He is living his last minute on earth! We are calmly waiting until our volley shall prove a veritable flame of death. Now they close up the gaps and we can hear the shouts of their officers as they make ready to charge. My man is still opposite me. He still seems to be looking at me and no one else. I know the word is coming in a few seconds more, and I aim at his chest. I could almost be sure of hitting him with a stone when we get the word to fire. There is a billow of flame—a billow of smoke—a fierce crash—and 4000 bullets are fired into that compact mass of advancing men. Not one volley alone, though that worked horrible destruction, but another, and another, until there was no longer a living man to fire at.

The smoke drifts slowly away—men cheer and yell—we can see the meadow beyond heaped with dead and dying men. We advance our line. As we go forward I look for my victim. He is lying on his back, eyes half shut and fingers clutching at the grass. He gasps, draws up his legs and straightens them out again, and is dead as I pass on. I have killed my man! My bullet struck him, tearing that ghastly wound in his breast, and I am entitled to all the honor. Do I swing my cap and cheer? Do I point him out and expect to be congratulated? No! I have no cheers. I feel no elation. I feel that I murdered him, war or no war, and his agonized face will haunt me through all the years of my life.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Is he a young man of brains?" inquired an old gentleman respecting a swell youth. "Well, really," said his daughter, "I don't know. I never met him anywhere except in society."

There is a monthly paper published in Boston that ought to visit every home in America, and be a reading book in all our public schools. It is "Our Dumb Animals."—*Beaumont News, Sept. 19, 1891.*

## A VOYAGE TO EUROPE.

The above cut, kindly loaned us by D. Lothrop Co., Boston, shows a voyage to Europe in fair weather; but when storms come and the vessel is pitching and rolling, with its deck swept by waves, and the passengers sealed up below, the picture is a very different one.

From a letter written by us from London, July, 1870, and republished in our autobiographical sketches, we take the following, which may be worth reading by friends who in these "grippe" times are contemplating the improvement of health by a trip to Europe:—

## IS IT A PLACE FOR INVALIDS?

But to the invalid contemplating European travel certain other facts are worthy of consideration.

He will find, in spring, cold east winds all over Great Britain and Northern Europe, just such as blow across Massachusetts Bay, with none of the heating arrangements devised for our protection. He will find, often, large rooms with small fireplaces and great flues. In his chamber neither hot nor cold water-pipes, candles instead of gas, sometimes damp sheets and uncomfortable beds.

In winter, cold rail-way cars, each like an omnibus set sideways, half the passengers compelled to ride backwards; no ventilation except at the ends, and those sometimes occupied by smokers; no dining or sleeping cars, or gentlemen's or ladies' saloons, so far as I have seen, in any car, and the stops at way-stations short. Fast trains expensive, cheap trains slow, and the best trains in the night. Custom-house examinations, and uncomfortable old diligences; irregularity of meals and sleep; dinners from one to two hours long, with a multitude of courses he does not want, but must sit through for others he does. Over a large part of the Continent, bad water; and in some of its towns and cities, beggars, fleas, and malaria.

He will find many Continental cities and towns noisy at night with bells, shoutings, and cracking of whips. If he retires early, perhaps doors on each side of his room, an uncarpeted floor overhead, and his neighbors stirring until one or two o'clock in the morning. Few of the sociable parlors found at home. If sick, a physician who knows nothing of him, of whom he knows nothing, and with whom, perhaps, he can only communicate through an interpreter; languages he cannot understand; incomprehensible currencies, and little chestings and swindlings without number. Add to all these, absence from friends and home, and the certain discomfort, in nine cases out of ten, of two voyages across the Atlantic, and it would certainly seem that the invalid should well consider before undertaking a tour of Europe.

## HOME.

And after all, for the comfort of those who prefer staying at home,—speaking from more than a year's experience,—I should say, that I have seen hardly a finer building in Europe than our National Capitol; or a more beautiful work of art than Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington, at Richmond; or a more charming view than from the top of Mount Holyoke; or a finer stage ride than over the Hoosac Mountain from North Adams to Greenfield; or a

better hall than our Music Hall; or more commodious places of public amusement than ours; or a greater variety of beautiful scenery than within ten miles of Boston. If you love Nature in her grandest or most beautiful forms, you need cross no ocean to see them; and as for art,—which is only the imitation of nature,—you may go through the dead galleries of Europe in vain for the pleasure of one laughing child, or happy animal, or grand old forest-tree.

At home, under one language, currency, and law, you have a country reaching across a continent, and including almost every variety of climate and production; a country full of villages, churches, and schools, in whose homes are books and newspapers, and over which you may travel thousands of miles without meeting a beggar. I have seen it from New England and the high table-lands of Minnesota to the orange-groves of Florida; and I declare that, for variety of magnificent scenery and facilities of intercommunication, I believe there is not its equal in the world. GEORGE T. ANGELL.

## THE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMBS.

(From "The Angelus.")

Unto the margin of a flowing river  
The Eastern shepherd leads his timid sheep;  
He calls them on, but they stand still and shiver;  
To them the stream seems wide and swift and deep.

He calls them on, but they in fear are standing;  
He calls them on, but on they dare not go;  
They heed not now the voice of his commanding,  
They only hear the river's fearful flow.

Then, from the side of one protecting mother,  
A lamb the shepherd takes unto his breast;  
And then he gently bends, and takes another,  
And in his arms the two lambs lie, at rest.

They lie at rest, and, as he close enfolds them,  
He bears them safely o'er the river wide;  
The little lambs know well the arm that holds them,  
They nestle warmly and are satisfied.

Then the fond mothers, with maternal longing,  
Look on beyond that river's fearful flow;  
They can but follow, and, behind them thronging,  
Their fleecy comrades are in haste to go.

Drawn by a love stronger than any shrinking,  
Their lambs they follow over any tide;  
They heed not now the swimming or the sinking,  
They brave the stream, and reach the farther side.

And while the tender shepherd kindly feeds them,  
They think no longer upon what hath been;  
He gives them back their lambs, and then he leads them  
By the still waters and the pastures green.

So shall it be with you, O weeping mother,  
Whose lamb the Lord hath taken from your sight;  
'Tis He hath done it—He, and not another,  
Your lamb lies in His arms, clasped close and tight.

Across the stream your little one is taken,  
That you may fear no more its quick, dark flow,  
But that, with steadfast heart and faith unshaken,  
You may be ready after it to go.

This is the tender Shepherd's loving pleasure,  
To bless at once the little one and you;  
He knows that when with Him is your best treasure,  
There, fixed forever, will your heart be too.

**Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in January.**

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